

THE DESERTED COCKSHY.

["An Aunt Sally man on Hampstead Heath last Bank Holiday was heard to complain bitterly: . . . 'Young 'uns are too blooming lazy to shy sticks. All they cares to do nowadays is jest ter drop a penny in the slot an' pull a trigger.'"—*Daily News.*]

OH, old Aunt Sally, years ago
At whom when boys we used to throw,
Yet none the less respected,
Your stick, alas! you now must cut,
You and your prize, the cocoanut,
Being alike neglected.

Is it that nuts, once fourpence each
When they grew farther out of reach,
Or palm-tree stems were steeper,
Have fallen so in price to-day
That those whose fancies lie that way
Can buy them outright cheaper?

Or, say, do those whose aims contest
Just touch a trigger, for the rest
On others' aid relying,
And modern youths, with shameful pride,
Even in side-shows show their "side,"
And sticks fight shy of shying?

A HOLIDAY TASK.

(See "The Lesson," by Rudyard Kipling.)

As the holidays—we beg pardon, the Summer Vacation, is now beginning, it has been decided by Headmaster *Punch* that the following Imperial Paper shall be set to the boys—ahem! young gentlemen—of the United Kingdom; and there is no objection to candidates of riper years competing. The special subject is the elucidation of the above thirty lines written by our classic but somewhat obscure Empire-poet—which should prove "no end of a lesson" to them. Answers should be sent in by the date of the conclusion of the War. The Prize offered is the Feeling of Exhilaration consequent upon the Achievement of Well-nigh Impossibilities.

QUESTIONS ON "THE LESSON."

(N.B.—Any candidate detected in copying will be instantly sent to St. Helena.)

1. Defend (if you can) the use of Biblical expressions such as "twain," "astonied camps," "made an Army in our own image" in combination with modern slang phrases like, "jolly good," "jolly well," etc. Illustrate from any or each of this author's works.

2. Line 5. "Knocked higher than GILDEROY'S kite." Translate and comment upon this passage. Who was GILDEROY, when he was at home? Had he any home to be at? Was he a Scottish robber who was hanged in the time of Queen MARY (*vide* Dr. BREWER)? If not, suggest an alternative, and state what he was doing with a kite? Do you ordinarily "knock" kites?

3. Lines 8 and 9. Draw a map of the "Eleven degrees of a bare brown continent," marking Lambart's, Pietersburgh (*sic*) and Sutherland. Can you give any



'Arry. "GOOD MORNING, MOTHER GOOSE!"

Old Woman. "GOOD MORNING, MY SON!"

reason why the first and last are instanced? Had you ever heard of them before?

4. Line 10. "Fell the phenomenal lesson." Parse the first word; if you can't, pass it.

5. Line 12. "An island nine by seven." Explain what on earth this means. Is it 9 inches \times 7 inches? If not, hazard a guess as to the scale of the map. Is "seven" put in to rhyme with "Heaven"?

6. Line 13. Sean "who faithfully mirrored its maker's ideals, equipment and mental attitude," before reading the next line.

7. Line 16. Is it "cheap at the price" to pay £100,000,000 to prove

that $2 \times 2 = 4$? Could you quote a lower figure?

8. Line 21. "All the obese, unchallenged old things." Explain this as politely as possible. Does it apply to any of the shining lights at Cambridge?

9. Line 23. "This marvellous asset which we alone command." How about the Boers? Do you consider that the Poet implies that they have not also received a Lesson?

10. Line 25. "Pivotal fact." Show, by a diagram or working model, the difference between this and a cardinal truth.

11. Line 28. Give our "forty million reasons for failure," adding any on your own account as regards this Paper. Take your time over this.

A. A. S.

THE ACTOR-MANAGER DISCOURSES.

IV.

MADAM, I understand you nurse a hope
Of compassing the highest sphere of Art,
That is to say, of going on the stage.
Bear with me, if experience bids me use
A father's candour, coldly demonstrating
What obstacles, how rude and multiform,
Await your climbing feet. I speak as one
Gifted, I grant, with genius, yet constrained,
Like great APOLLO in Pheræan halls,
Through many years to ply the menial task
Until my God-like nature stood confessed.

This goal to which your innocence aspires
Is such as may not lightly be embraced
By methods of the prompt instinctive kind
So well adapted to the lesser arts.
The heights by first-rate histrions reached and kept
Were not attained by sudden-soaring flight,
But by the more exact and arduous route
Of discipline, appointed in the rules
Of hoar tradition. No, my dear young lady,
'Tis not enough that you possess the charms,
Which from your photograph I judge are yours,
Of beauty, grace of figure, virtue, youth,
Though these are gifts which must not be despised;
They serve their purpose, as I proved myself
Before my latent genius came to light.
Nor does it yet suffice that you have filled—
With marked success, your testimonial says—
A leading rôle in drawing-room charades.
Indeed, I know no worse apprenticeship
For serious business than to play a part
In amateur theatricals without
Professional guidance. Tricks are thus acquired
Hard to unlearn by years of patient toil;
Such as the childish habit of behaving
As people do in ordinary life;
Of sitting in your chair and keeping still,
To give the author's dialogue a chance,
Instead of jumping up to take the floor
At every third remark, and crossing over,
And sitting somewhere else, and coming back;
Motions that might in social intercourse
Seem to betray a lack of that repose
Which stamps the purest caste; but on the stage
Are still among the elemental signs
Of perfect breeding.

Take another point
On which your amateurs are apt to err.
They have a prejudice for looking at
The person whom they happen, in the play,
To be addressing! They have yet to learn
That any actor, rightly trained, ignores
The presence of an audience on the stage,
Unless compelled by force of circumstance,
Such as the need to kiss, or else to fight,—
Acts that demand collusion. Otherwise
He disregards his fellow; turns on him
His back, his profile, anything except
His speaking eyes, exclusively reserved
To front the empty void which represents
The scenic chamber's complementary wall;
Through which transparent barrier he accosts
The world at large, and only looks elsewhere
When moved to punctuate his dialogue
By desultory prancings up and down.

Trust me, my dear, Dramatic Art is one
Of many noble institutions based
On pure Convention; take her prop away
And she assumes the level of vulgar Life,
Like mountebanks when they mislay their stilts.
You, on the other hand, appear to be
A child of Nature. When I look upon
Your counterfeit presentment, so unspoiled,
So immature, so wistful—I could weep!
I have been faithful to discourage you,
Because, hereafter, I would not be blamed
If, having lost your old love, you attain
Never to clasp the new. Nature and Art
(My Art, I speak of) you must choose between:
No-one, not I myself, can serve them both.

Yet, if—my admonitions duly weighed—
A stubborn overmastering consciousness
Of innate genius, not to be suppressed,
Still urges you (I know the feeling well!)
To make the sacrifice that Art commands,
I shall expect you in my private room
(Stage Entrance) Tuesday next at half-past two,
And we will try and see what can be done.

O. S.

A FOREIGN LION IN LONDON.

(A Page from a Diary kept during the past Season.)

Monday.—The usual list of invitations. Guest of the Undertakers' Company in the City, members chiefly mill-owners and stockbrokers. Brought in my peroration about "Liberty never degenerating into licence" by declaring it to be a grave subject.

Tuesday.—Cards by the bushel. Guest of the evening at the Unconventional Burglars' Club. Members chiefly artists, authors, and millionaires. Peroration, "Liberty never degenerating into licence" introduced by reference to the use of the felon of advanced ideas. A little far-fetched, but passable.

Wednesday.—Again a flood of requests for the honour of my company. Asked to speak at the Charwomen's Provident Fund Festival. Referred to the claims of the sensible man. He did not lose his "liberty when he secured his marriage licence." Remarks well received.

Thursday.—Wearied to death by Garden Parties and other *al fresco* distractions. Dined with another City Company, the Skate Makers. No one seemed to have anything to do with the industry. Master turned out to be a large cab-owner. Spoke of Holland and its skates. "That was in the land were Liberty never degenerated into licence." Peroration did not go so well as usual. Heard afterwards it was suspected of being pro-Boer.

Friday.—Again they come. Asked to unveil bust of the great BROWN. Never heard of him, but consented. At subsequent banquet referred to BROWN as that true patriot who never forgot "that liberty was not licence." Peroration right again.

Saturday.—Happy to say week at an end. Off to my native land. Reception Committee bid me good-bye. In my reply to their cheering assured them that theirs was the land where freedom abounded, and where true Liberty never was permitted to sink into licence. Same peroration for the series! Nothing like getting a happy phrase and sticking to it. And now for a quiet country life to compensate for festival banquets!

"NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN."—Not even "Arc Lights."
Of course, NOAH used them on board ship.



THE NEW PROCEDURE.

A. J. B-l-f-r. "THERE! I THINK WE'VE TINKERED IT UP ALL RIGHT FOR THE REST OF THIS RUN."

Sir H. C-mph-ll-B-nn-rm-n. "I DARE SAY, ARTHUR; BUT YOU'LL HAVE TO OVERHAUL IT THOROUGHLY BEFORE THE NEXT TRIP."

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A BALLADE OF LITERARY ADVERTISEMENT.

[Why should not the literary advertisement be as much a recognised branch of art as the artistic poster? The following verses are an attempt to serve at once the Muses and Mammon from a literary point of view.]

BE silent, BROADWOOD; and refrain,
COLLARD, from melody; nor dare,
STEINWAY, your merits to maintain;
Your airs must vanish in thin air;
For lo! when makers you compare,
Of North or South or East or West,
The public's verdict will declare
That —'s pianos are the best.

O gay guitar of joyous Spain,
O harp, rich, resonant and rare,
O rural pipe with jocund strain,
O flute, of *timbre* thin and spare,
O trumpet tone of martial blare,
Lyre, violin, and all the rest
Of instruments, your claims forbear,
For —'s pianos are the best!

Come, pianists, a mighty train,
From P——, rich of hair,
Down to the schoolgirl in the lane
Who practises "The Maiden's
Prayer,"

All others you'll henceforth forswear
If once you put these to the test,
And speedily become aware
That —'s pianos are the best.

Envoy.

N.B.—If dealers, all unfair,
A worthless substitute suggest,
Of their nefarious wiles beware!
For —'s pianos are the best.

LA VIE DE LUX.

(From our Special Gormandizer.)

It was the Duchess of COCAFUKO (I need scarcely say that I am diplomatist enough to disguise the real name of her Grace) who challenged me to give her a respectable dinner in London, and bet me—well, I will not say what odds the noblewoman laid, but I may record that my stake consisted of six dozen pairs of *Peaudéchien's* unrivalled twelve-buttoned *gants de suède*, at the not unreasonable price of half-a-guinea a couple.

Looking through my gastronomical notebook in the smoking-room of the Albatross Club (nicknamed the "Ancient Mariner" by certain wags of Bohemia and the *beau monde*), I decided that my choice should fall on the Pomme de Terre Restaurant, which is not a thousand miles remote from Regent Street. Her Grace, I say, arrived at the Pomme de Terre in that stylish little brougham, drawn by Andalusian mules, at eight eighteen, and as she was only half-an-hour and three minutes late I freely forgave her, with the better grace because Signor CRACABELLO, the excellent manager of the



G. L. STAMP.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

"WHAT IS WATER SURROUNDED BY LAND CALLED?"

"OH, A DUCK POND, OF COURSE."

"NO. WATER AS LARGE AS THE TWO FIELDS OUTSIDE AND THE GARDEN AS WELL?"

"OH, THAT'S CALLED EXAGGERATION!"

Pomme de Terre, was waiting on the steps of the eating-house with a splendid bouquet of orchids, rich and creamy as one of his own *soufflés*, in his hand.

The Duchess was attired in a piquant ensemble of rose geranium, in which my eye did not err in detecting the hand of Madame SCHITZEL, the Anglo-American artiste. She was, as usual, all smiles, and when placed in receipt of Signor CRACABELLO's floral tribute, became a human sunbeam of good nature.

By the way, I cannot imagine how, unless I inadvertently gave him the hint, CRACABELLO knew that I was awaiting so distinguished a lady. I was pleased to find that he had caused the table to be lighted with electric lamps concealed by shades matching her Grace's complexion and costume. I did not forget to pay him a handsome compliment on his good taste. The repast to which we sat down did infinite credit not only to Signor CRACABELLO, but also to his *chef*, Monsieur MIRLITON, who was formerly *cordons-bleus* to the Sultan of MESOPOTAMIA.

The menu was arranged as follows—remember, the day was very hot, and the thermometer showed no appreciable relaxation at the time so pathetically referred to by LONGFELLOW in his noble poem, *Excelsior*:—*Bisque d'écrevisses* (iced), a trifle too red to suit the surroundings, but not dear at ten shillings a portion; *whitebait au diable* (done with curry powder and Nepaul pepper, after the recipe of my esteemed friend the Rajah of PICCLIPORE) came next, and certainly well worth the 9s. 9d. put on the bill. Then a frozen cucumber stuffed with caviare—a luxury to be appreciated at a modest sovereign. A Surrey capon, larded with *paté de foie gras* and farced with black pudding, was economically conspicuous at three guineas. A sorbet of Mexican bananas and Tokay, some Limburger cheese straws, a dessert of custard apples and mangoes, followed by green coffee with a harmony of similarly coloured *chartreuse*—such was our simple repast.

LEONARD LUX.

Buckingham Palace Cottage, Peckham.

THE TALE OF A TRUNK.

["Great confusion has reigned at Euston during the last few weeks owing to a difference of opinion amongst the officials of the L. & N. W. R. as to whether the system of sending passengers' luggage in advance has been discontinued or not."—*Daily Paper*.]

A WAS an Artist that trusted to chance,
B was the Box that he sent in advance,
C was the Clerk who supposed it might go,
D was the Drayman who rather thought no.
E was the Euston he wrote on the label,
F were the Fingermarks, grimy and sable,
G was the Gee-gee that drew the big van,
H was the Hand outstretched by the man.
I was the Item the artist put in it,
J was the Joy that appeared the next minute,
K was the Kick the Bucephalus got,
L was the Last that he saw of the lot.
M was the Muddle he found at the station,
N was the Noodle who gave information,
O were the Oaths which the artist hurled fast,
P was the Porter he captured at last.
Q were the Questions he fired at the porter,
R the Replies he received from this quarter,
S the Suggestions the manager made,
T was the Train that would not be delayed.
U the Uncertainty—rushing and hurry—
V was a Vision of luggage and flurry,
W the Whistle that shrilly was blown,*
X the Expletives—their number unknown.
Y a disconsolate Youngster, our hero,
And Z was the point of his spirits, viz., Zero.

ROVING AT RAMSGATE.

MR. PUNCH, SIR.—Thus sang the South Anglian Laureate, B.A., M.A., S.E.R., L.C.D., &c., as he harped on the same string over and over again :

Oh, what heavenly weather!
What a genuine treat!
As you and I together
Sail in *La Marguerite*.
As you and I together,
Crossing the ocean, wave
Our hats—we're in great feather!—
We two so bright and brave!
We wave our hats to the ladies
Of France, who are on the quay,
But what I am much afraid is
Our waving they do not see!

At this point the Bard was restrained: it was just on the stroke of one, and we summoned him, as the Ghost of the Commendatore summoned *Don Juan*, "down below,"—only this was not merely to receive his deserts but to have his lunch. Feeding good: not great, not luxurious: appetite excellent; drinkatite ditto. Waiting done by stewards of the Q.C.S., which initials stand for "Quiet Civil Service." Doing the same voyage two days later, I find precisely the same *bourgeois menu*. If I meet with it on a third journey I may fairly charge the Chief Steward, or the Purveyors, with lack of imagination, or with lazily adhering to very old-fashioned notions on the subject of *restauration*. Starting from Ramsgate, where it calls after leaving Margate. By this boat, not too crowded, but quite sufficiently full to pay and leave something over, we had, on the first visit, only two complaints to make, and to whom can they be made with better effect than to you, Mr. Punch, P.C.O., i.e. "Public Complaint Officer"?

First, the boat being advertised for 10.45 at Ramsgate, we being one quarter of an hour before our time on purpose to

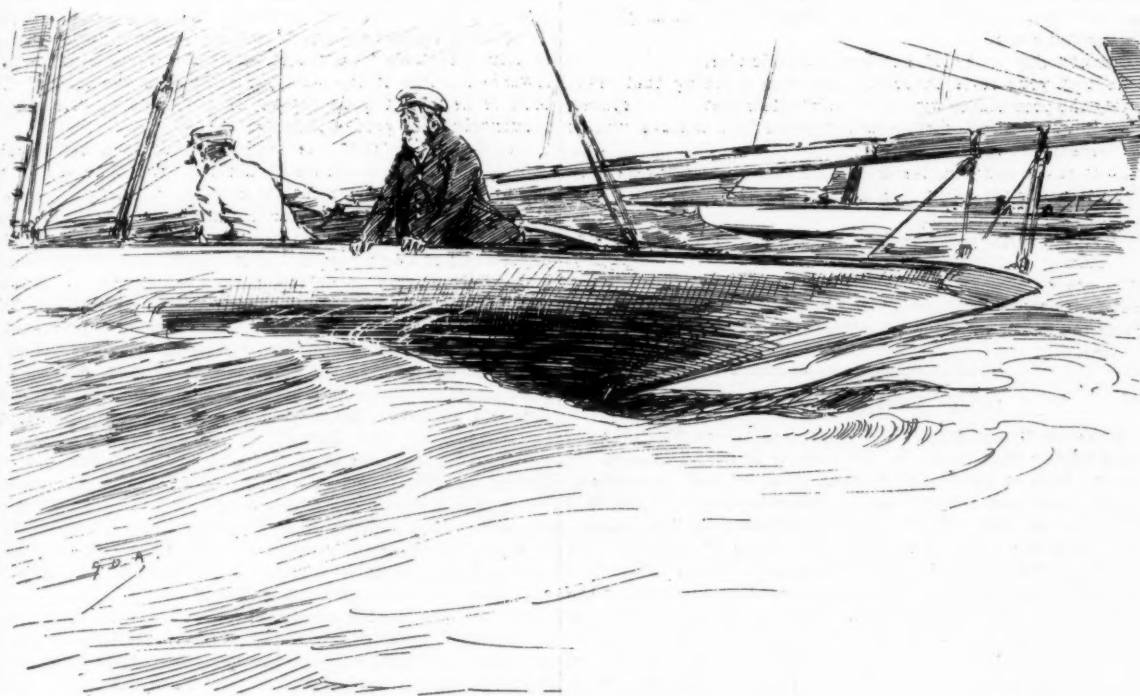
escape crowding, found the ticket-office—a kind of bathing machine in reduced circumstances on very small wheels—closed, and it was not until the crowd, which we had tried to escape, had become troublesome, that at length the pigeon-hole was opened, and there was a struggle for places, while the ticket-distributor civilly informed us that probably the *Marguerite* wouldn't arrive for another hour. Whether this was his fun, or intended for our comfort, was not evident; anyway, his remarks had the immediate effect of more or less irritating everybody, except a few giggling females who haggled over their small change in so exasperating a fashion as to make dealing with them quite a penance for the ticket man-in-the-bathing-machine box-office, who would have saved himself all this trouble and us all this crowding had he arrived a quarter of an hour earlier. Then, in a broiling July sun, refreshed only very occasionally by a whiff of S.E. wind, with no sort of shelter over us, we, miserable sinners, had to remain, most of us standing, in a sort of sheep-pen (this is the fault of the harbour authorities, not of the "*La Marguerite*" Company), being done to rags by the blazing sun, scorched, baked, but of course not on all sides, as head and shoulders got the worst of it. It was courting sunstrokes. At last, three quarters of an hour late, in came the merry and majestic *Marguerite*, we feeling towards her more like *Mephistopheles* than *Faust*. On our next visit the ticket distributor was in the bathing-machine-like office quite fifteen minutes before the time advertised for starting, and there was no crowding; but the absence of protection from the sun's rays was notable. And how utterly hopeless this unprotected situation would be in a "surprise" pelting shower!

"Once aboard the lugger and we were free!" It was delightful. It was "a little bit of all right," as a jovial tourist who had previously joined the ship at Margate, observed. But if anything could do harm to a pleasant day, it was having been compelled to wait for the unpunctual opening of the ticket-office, and being detained for three quarters of an hour in the broiling sun, where we boys stood on the burning stones, which were like hot bricks to our poor fried soles, without any awning, and only a few benches.

Mr. Punch, Sir, we wish well to the merry *Marguerite*, her crew and company, and to our noble friend The Pier of Ramsgate, and if you, Sir, will only give these pier officials a stir up with your *bâton*, just a playful poke in the ribs, we are certain they will recognise the justice of complaints which do not come from grumblers but from well-wishers.

Ramsgate, which ashore is capable of considerable improvement, as also, we should imagine, is its Local Board of Management or Town Council, or whatever the supreme authority may be, is now well provided with Boat Services, among others being one running to and from Folkestone, per combined forces of L. C. & D. and S. E. boats, calling at Deal and Dover *en route*, and continuing the voyage to Margate on the return. This is a service that, with a very little attention given to the times and seasons, and to the *cuisine*, which is in the hands of an experienced steward (we've come across him before now, same Service, other boats), ought, as a distinct feature of the K.C.B. ("Kent Coasting Boats"), to become highly and deservedly popular.

At Folkestone the voyager has plenty of time to mount to the big hotel, the *Métropole*, or, if he would take it very easily, he can remain *en bus* at the Imperial, where, on the occasion of our visit, there was a lunch excellent in quality but parsimonious in quantity, though no doubt we could have had all we required if, like *Oliver Twist*, we had only "asked for more." But we didn't, except as to tomatoes, and these were so frugally served (though deliciously done), being neatly divided into two slices for each person (tomatoes, you see, are so dear!), that we summoned up courage to implore one of the extremely superior waiters, who had all the chastened air of men ready at any moment to undertake an order for an expen-



NOTES FROM COWES.

"CALL TH'S PLEASURE? WELL, ALL I CAN SAY IS, GIVE ME STAINES AND A FISHING-PUNT!"

sive funeral, to repeat the dose of "tomatoes for three." In about five minutes he returned, quietly and sorrowfully, "bringing his sheaves with him" in the shape of *two more thin slices of tomatoes!* It must have gone to the cook's heart, or the larder-maid's heart, to part with them! And there was *no extra charge in the bill!* Fancy that! So we were thankful for small mercies, and cheerfully paid three shillings for four lemon-squashes (two of us were thirsty souls), and two shillings for two "goes" of whisky, which at a club would have amounted to eightpence or tenpence at the most. However, "live and let live." And so for the present, until more "complaints" induce us to seek *Dr. Punch* for a cure, we beg to remain (here)

THE RAMSGATE ROVERS & CO.

TOOTHsome.—Sir J. CRICHTON BROWNE, proposing the health of the Dental Association last week, observed that "the age in which we lived was one of dental debility." "The age to which some of us live" would have been more accurate, in another sense of "age." He also said that the new century "must look well to the teeth of its people." Quite so: it may not be long ere we shall be among the nations who have "to show their teeth," and prove they can bite as sharply as they can bark loudly. At the present and at any time the artist who can most painlessly and most skilfully "draw teeth" is to be reckoned among the greatest benefactors of suffering mortals.

MOTTO FOR KENT JUST NOW.—"What's the odds as long as you're happy!"

NOT AT HOME TO HONESTY.

(A Man in the Street's Adventure.)

"WANT a night's lodging?" enquired one of the officials, glancing at the intruder.

"Which will you have, this or that?" asked the other, pointing first to one gateway and then to the other.

The intruder pressed for particulars.

"Well," said Number One, "you will find the house sufficiently comfortable, good and wholesome food, warm clothing, and tobacco in moderation."

"That sounds well. And now, Sir, what can you do for me?"

"Your health is our first consideration."

"So it is with us," put in Official Number One. "Sanitary considerations take precedence of everything else."

"Both tempting," said the intruder, "and I should certainly like admission."

"Well, the qualification is simple enough," said Number One. "Are you a pauper?"

"No, not quite."

"Then are you a thief or any other kind of law breaker?" queried Number Two.

"Sorry I am neither," answered the intruder; "I am only an artizan out of work."

"Won't do for us. A stranger to the Relieving Officer," observed Number One.

"And unknown to the police," returned the other.

"Then what shall I do?"

"You must answer that question yourself," said Number One. But Number Two was silent, feeling that it was no part of his official duty to find a solution to conundrums.

TO THE PIANO-FIENDS NEXT DOOR.

(By a victim.)

THUMP! thump! thump on the shindy-box all day,
 But give me a respite from your whacks when midnight has
 passed away.
 I cannot enjoy your scales or your operatic airs,
 I weep at your style chromatic, and the crashing that never
 I pity the poor piano, with never a minute's rest, [spares.
 How it quivers and shrieks and bellows like a slave who is
 sore oppress, [will,
 How it raves and rumbles and rages 'neath your fingers' iron
 From morning till night and from darkness to dawn its key-
 board is never still.
 It murders with reckless fury, though well I know who's to
 blame, [a name.
 It murders the unknown maestro with the maestro who's got
 Yet I pity the poor assassin, for I know it cannot be free
 From the thraldom of fingering fiends who are slowly murdering
 me.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

FOR some time past, at brief intervals, Messrs. NEWNES have been issuing what they call *The Library of Useful Stories*. It is not a kind of *Tit-Bits* of fiction. It is, in truth, a series of erudite essays on subjects of every-day interest, written in a style understood of the people. Amongst earlier volumes are *The Story of Wild Flowers*, *The Story of Eclipses*, *The Story of a Piece of Coal*, and *The Story of the Stars*. The latest issue, *The Story of King Alfred*, comes out just in time for the millenary of England's Darling. When my Baronite adds that the little book was written by Sir WALTER BESANT it touches tautology to add that it is picturesquely written. To be sold at a shilling each this library must have a very wide circulation in order to pay. For those concerned for the spread of education it is pleasant to think of so powerful an agency at work.

The conclusion that must inevitably be arrived at by any one gifted with a true appreciation of the humorous during the perusal of *Some Experiences of an Irish R.M.*, by Messrs. SOMERVILLE and MARTIN ROSS (LONGMANS, GREEN & Co.), will be that the authors have a faculty for seeing things not as others, mere ordinary persons, see them, and of narrating them in so mirth-provoking and original a fashion as to compel laughter where, as a matter of fact, our sympathy with the sufferer or our annoyance with the cause of his sufferings should have been the first sentiment aroused in the breast of a spectator, as the reader is supposed to be, of the scenes described. But not a bit of it! The ludicrous side in every situation, fraught it may be with more or less danger to life and limb, is always kept uppermost by these two laughing Irish philosophers. Dulness is banished from the opening of the book to the close thereof, though it may be said that the choicest stories are at the commencement, as the most attractive strawberries are to be found at the top of the pottle. Since CHARLES LEVER was at his best with *Harry Lorrequer*, *Charles O'Malley*, *Tom Burke of Ours*, and, may be, *The Knight of Gwynne*, no such rollicking Irish book as this has appeared, at least not within the period whereunto the memory of the Baron runneth not to the contrary. SHEEHAN'S *My New Curate* is as thoroughly Irish as this, but its admirable humour is of a sedate and gentle character. Nothing of a sedate or gentle character is to be found here: nearly every story is calculated to "set the table in a roar," and to only one of them is there anything like a serious and rather sensational finish. As a mirth-provoker this book might be placed in the same category with *Many Cargoes* and with *The Lunatic at Large*, though this latter is rather a work of extravagantly grotesque imagination, while *Some Experiences* deals with facts. Over *The Lisheen Races* the Baron wept tears of laughter, and would read no more that night, unless in the presence of

a surgeon, a nurse, and his own medical attendant, in case he should "split his sides" and require an immediate operation to be performed by the deftest hands. The Baron does not remember having laughed so heartily since he first learnt how Mr. *Pickwick* drove the chaise with the horse in it that "displayed various peculiarities," while Mr. *Winkle* bestrode an animal that went up the street, "side first, with his head towards one side of the way, and his tail to the other." The book is as full of good things as a *ferrine de foie gras* or exquisitely made grouse-pudding.

Mr. SYDNEY BUXTON has enlarged and, to a considerable extent, re-written a couple of articles that appeared in the spring in one of the monthly magazines, being a study of Mr. GLADSTONE as Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. JOHN MURRAY publishes them in a convenient volume. It falls a few pages short of two hundred, but it comprises within its boards a marvellous chapter in the history of England. Between Mr. GLADSTONE'S first Budget speech, delivered in April, 1853, and his last, spoken in July, 1882, there lies accomplishment of national good unequalled by any statesman who has helped to mould the destinies of the empire. Mr. BUXTON, dealing with a congenial subject, makes his book a model of lucidity. My Baronite observes that forty years ago, as to-day, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER and his colleagues of the spending departments were at loggerheads. Speaking of the Budget in 1861, DIZZY, in a characteristic outburst, contrasts "a patriotic Prime Minister, appealing to the spirit of the country, with his Chancellor of the Exchequer, whose duty is to supply the ways and means by which those exertions are to be supported, proposing votes with innuendo and recommending expenditure in a whispered invective."

Some Literary Landmarks for Pilgrims on Wheels (DENT & Co.), by Mr. E. W. ROCKETT, if not as brilliantly startling as the name of the author would suggest, is a delightful little book, exceptionally valuable to Booky Bikers, who can carry it in a side pocket, and, when resting for a while, can dip into it for mental refreshment and profitable instruction. It is prettily illustrated by J. A. SYMMINGTON. The Baron is not a Biker, but the country through which this book takes us, with its old world stories and pleasant recollections, would be an inducement to him to take to cruising on wheels had he the leisure at his disposal for perfecting himself in the Ixionic labour. With a pleasant companion, too, there could be much interchange of thought, as there is no rule of the road, as there is of the sea, against speaking "to the man at the wheel," or, as it should be here rendered, "to the man on the wheel."

The Baron can recommend *My Lady's Diamonds* (WARD, LOCK & Co.), by ADELINE SARGENT, as a novel *pour passer le temps* when travelling by river, rail or road. It is an old theme, perhaps, but the treatment is somewhat new, the hero is more or less of a noodle, and the heroine is not a particularly startling character. Still, 'twill serve when on a journey.

Apropos of "journeys," is there a better pocket series for travellers than *The Temple Classics* (J. M. DENT & Co.)?—well bound, simply but strongly, the latest of which considerable collection is *The Love Letters of Abelard and Heloise*, "written," as "H.M." in his preface reminds us, "in Latin about the year 1128 and first published in Paris in 1616." The present translation, or rather paraphrase, which admirably conveys the spirit of the original, was published in 1722. Immortal romance of real life that as long as the world lasts must ever enlist the sympathy of even the most austere virtuosos for these bitterly punished victims of human frailty and of fiendish revenge. Let us, in a cooler season of the year, visit the tomb of ABELARD and HELOISE in the cemetery of Père Lachaise, and, like "the soldier" who "leant upon his sword and wiped away a tear," let us dry our eyes and seek the nearest café where we can moisten our sympathetic throat. "An excellent excuse for a visit to Paris," quoth, knowingly,

THE BARON DE B.-W.



The Squire. "I DON'T SEEM TO KNOW YOUR FACE, MY MAN. DO YOU LIVE ABOUT HERE?"
Old Rustic. "YES, SIR. BUT, YER SEE, I AIN'T OFTEN AT THE PUBLIC-'OUSE!"



Master Bob. "I SAY, ADAM, THAT WAS A PRETTY BAD MISS!"

Keeper. "Twasn't even THAT, MASTER BOB. 'Twas firing in a TOTALLY WRONG DIRECTION."

IN MEMORIAM.

H. I. M. Victoria.

GERMAN EMPRESS, PRINCESS ROYAL OF ENGLAND.

BORN, NOV. 21, 1840.

DIED, AUG. 5, 1901.

PROVED Royal by the courage, bright, serene,
That bore through lingering pain the lonely test,
Not far behind her feet, your Mother-Queen,
You follow to your rest.

Daughter of England, gentle, brave and wise,
Who looked to play that high Imperial part
Which should have linked by Love's and Nature's ties
The lands that shared your heart;—

Ah! might you have your will, then Death's own hand,
That set upon your throne so swift a doom,
Through memory yet shall bind these two that stand
To-day above your tomb.

THE WAY THEY WILL HAVE WITH THE ARMY.

(A Rip-Van-Winklein peep into the Future.)

THE hundred years had passed rapidly. RIP, before going to sleep, had taken the latest patent remedy for preserving tissue, and came to himself as fresh as ever. Things had not changed very much during his slumber. The same old aerial navigation, wireless telegraphy, dwelling atmospheres (the substitute for board and residence), and the rest of it. He willed, and his brain-wave took him into a palace.

"Why are you here?" he asked a gentleman who was covered with silver, gold and precious stones.

"Because I prefer it," was the languid reply."

"What is your income?" queried RIP with a curiosity the outcome of transatlantic extraction.

"A couple of thousand a year or so and perquisites," was the reply, languid as before.

"Are you a Cabinet Minister?"

"No—one infinitely more important, a soldier."

"I see; so in the twenty-first century this is the manner in which a field-marshal exists?"

"No, you are wrong," said the soldier, "I am not a field-marshal, but a private. I cost a good deal—in fact, as you may imagine, many thousands. But I am told I am cheap at the price."

"Cheap at the price? Why?"

"Yes, because we really can't afford conscription."

"THE VICIOUS CIRCLE."

OH, tell me not I've lost my appetite,

This is a world of melancholy truth:

"Alas!" quoth I, "that which did once invite
Was but the stomach of Digestive Youth!"

In vain I strove to eat at—well, say fifty,—

As eat I used when I was twenty-one;

Starving, I could but drink, and, mixed and thrifty,
Weep for results of chops so overdone.

In vain I murmured, "Eat and drink one bath to:"

So quoth the cat that swalloweth the bird;

The bird, arising from his morning bath, too,
Eats up the worm before it can be heard.

The worm but turns in righteous indignation,

And, to console himself as best he may,

Says, "They had men, by order of creation,
Feed on we beasts, till we feed on They."

God makyth man; man dog unkindly beateth;

Dog chiveth cat (explain it how you can,

The circle goes full round); then cat bird eateth;

Bird swalloweth worm, and worm devourereth Man.

H. C. M.



THE CHIEF MOURNERS.

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ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, August 5.—Efforts have been made from time to time by belated writers to picture the MARKISS's manner of speech when he stands at Table of House. BRAYE (the



The Markiss murmurs into the privacy of his waistcoat.

Baron not the Vicar), with unconscious humour to-night tumbled upon description which for graphichness and accuracy the most skilful penman could not beat. Speaking on third reading of Royal Declaration Bill, BRAYE brought startling accusation against the MARKISS. "The noble lord," he said, "when referring to the doctrine of transubstantiation lowered his voice, inclined his head, and spoke in a deeply reverential spirit."

The MARKISS jumped up and, for him, hotly denied the description. "The noble lord," he observed, "said I lowered my voice and inclined my head. He is quite mistaken. I deny it."

All the same it is literally and exactly true. Only, tone and gesture had nothing to do with transubstantiation. The trick might have happened at the moment the word was pronounced, and caught the watchful eye of Lord BRAYE. That is the more likely since it is recurrent at least once in every five minutes of the MARKISS's speech. He goes along pretty audibly for ten or a dozen sentences; then down drops his massive chin on his manly breast, and to the anguish of the laboriously listening audience the final clause of the sentence, often the most important, is murmured into the privacy of his waistcoat.

Lord BRAYE's mistake, delightful for its elaborate comicality, will have its uses if it brings home to the MARKISS the inconvenience of a mannerism that sometimes reaches the proportions of a public calamity.

Business done.—In the Commons Amurath to Amurath succeeds. We have for a

while lost SAM SMITH; we have found SPROSTON CAINE. SAMUEL, it will be remembered, used to prowling about Piccadilly at midnight, or haunt the stage door of the music halls, coming down to the House, and making its flesh creep with horror at recital of things he had seen and heard. SPROSTON, according to his own account, has been lavishing his pennies in looking up naughty things hidden in the recesses of mutoscopes. Home Secretary so interested in the enterprise that, taking his tip from SPROSTON, he has spent all his pocket-money.

"The hon. Member," he ruefully said just now, "referred me to the Strand. I paraded up and down the Strand one whole afternoon and detected nothing. I have spent the best part of this Bank Holiday trying to find these pictures. I saw many picture boxes, surrounded by urchins, and spent several pennies in looking into them, but I did not see one single thing that any human being could possibly object to."

This vision of RITCHIE hovering round mutoscope with other street urchins, feeling in his pockets to see if he had got another penny, tenderly toying with it, finally making up his mind, hastily dropping it in the slot, bending his eye to level of peephole, and then being disappointed, was hailed by unsympathetic House with roars of laughter.

Tuesday night.—The Hughligans broke out to-night. JOHN O'GORST, epitome of harmless respectability, taking an afternoon walk after leaving a card on the Committee of the Council of Education, suddenly set upon; his hat beaten over his brow; his ribs punched; his whiskers pulled; his body left for dead in the lonely furrow that lies between the pavement and the roadway and is colloquially known as the gutter.

All this, of course, in a Parliamentary sense. What actually happened was that HUGH CECIL and his more or less merry men made up their minds to prevent the building of a new Board School at Stepney. JOHN O'GORST, as representative of the Board of Education, had arranged everything for the purchase of a site. Provisional Order confirmed in Committee; Bill came up this afternoon for consideration on Report stage. If it passed all was lost; Board School would forthwith be built. If they could get the Bill re-committed, on whatever excuse, delay would, at this period of Session, be fatal, and the evil day of erection of another Board School in London would be put off for twelve months.

Lord HUGH CECIL accordingly met his boys at midnight, by a coffee stall, in quiet street at Greenwich. All arranged. When Bill called on to-day EVANS GORDON, Major (retired), put up to make frontal attack. At the right moment, HUGH

CECIL came up on the flank, and the pounding began. Accused JOHN O'GORST of "surreptitious proceedings"; with indignant gesture of angry hand toward the Treasury Bench, on which sat Brother CRANBORNE, Cousin ARTHUR, and Cousin GERALD, declared that it was the only part of the House where honourable understanding were not kept.

Effect of scene on SQUIRE OF MALWOOD quite painful. In voice choked with emotion, he protested that never had he seen the House fallen so low as when, charges of this kind brought against the King's Ministers, no reply was forthcoming. This interposition wrought magic results on Lord HUGH. Ran over and knelt by side of prostrate Vice President of the Council; helped him to his feet; smoothed his hair; brushed his clothes; promised him a new coat of red paint for his bicycle.

"If," he protested, "I have said anything that is capable of being interpreted as reflecting on Sir JOHN GORST, I withdraw it. I have the warmest sense of the fairness and honesty he always displays."

Here he tenderly removed a flake of mud from the right hon. gentleman's left whisker.

"Um," said the SQUIRE OF MALWOOD, "wish I hadn't spoken. Rather spoiled a promising little game."

Business done.—The Hughligans ruthlessly assault JOHN O'GORST.

Friday night.—I sometimes ask the MEMBER FOR SARK what has become of FRANK HUGH O'DONNELL. Twenty years ago he was, perhaps, the most brilliant of the band of Irish obstructionists who reduced obstruction to a science, and showed how a few men, some of them illiterate, all resolute, unscrupulous, could defy and defame the Mother of Parliaments. The answer comes to-day in a little book published



Gorst succumbs to the Chief of the "Hughligans."

by JOHN LONG, entitled *The Message of the Masters*. FRANK HUGH, like Mr. Silas Wegg, has dropped into poetry. The theme of the verse is the legend, dear to Irishmen, which tells how within the bosom of the Mount of Aileach are buried the ruins of the stately summer palace of the northern kings of Ireland, who, silent amid their slumbering hosts, watch for the dawning of the day when they shall lead forth their warriors to deliver Ireland from the yoke of the Saxon.

FRANK HUGH's verse has all the finish and far more of the fire of his prose speeches. Written in the rhythm of MACAULAY's ballads, there are some verses the Master might have been proud to have penned. I gather that the former Member for Dungarvan does not think much of the present Irish Parliamentary Party. Even PARNELL did not please him. To his memory he dedicates the following lines:—

A shape of lath and plaster had late been leader there,
With puppetry and paint-work to set the folk astare.
There came a wind of judgment, and lo! its place was bare.

In a supplement of historical notes and explanations, not the least interesting portion of the little book, this is admitted to refer to CHARLES STUART PARNELL, "a penniless Wicklow squire of English descent." But what is this?—

We marked a burst of cheering that hailed a bloated slave
The Seller of our exiles from Clyde to London's wave.
The Talkers cheered the Knaving; the throng acclaimed the knave.

And this?—

And still, and still a Talker, with Ghetto shekels paid,
Where Moy looks South on Galway, his sordid mobsmen bade
Refuse the County Honour to Ireland's New Brigade.

And who can this be?—

Still prosing and still posing! Like pedant from hedge school,
Came one, sour faced with envy, incompetent to rule,
To show no fool in motley can match a Dismal Fool.

What FRANK HUGH can't abear is the making of long speeches in the House of Commons. As he puts it—

The Chiefs are hot with hating the noisome Night of Words,
The Chiefs are wild with waiting the leaping Light of Swords.

Yet SARK remembers FRANK HUGH making a two hours' speech in his first Session. Also he remembers one night in June, 1880, when F. H., in the middle of the Question Hour, moved the adjournment, in order to attack CHALLEMEL-LACOUR, just named, French Ambassador at the Court of St. James's, leading to talk which lasted till one o'clock the

next morning. Other times, other O'DONNELL'S. To-day none so fierce as he in flagellation of the Tribe of Talkers.

Business done.—Report of Supply driven through.

PIEVE DI CADORE.

TWENTY-FIVE miles from a railway station, and without electric light or gas, Pieve di Cadore, the birthplace of TITIAN, remains old-fashioned. One can sit outside the *Hôtel Progresso*, and watch the dusty travellers arriving in dusty carriages with the luggage tied on behind, as in the time of DICKENS'S *Pictures from Italy*. A *vettura pubblica*, a degenerate descendant of the old diligence, arrives four times a day. It is only an omnibus with two seats in front, but it is inscribed *Messaggeria Postale*, it is painted bright yellow, and it does its best to look as old as possible. As for the three horses in it, they look as old as possible without any trying. They seem to date back to the time of DICKENS at least, if not of TITIAN himself.

The name of the *Hôtel Progresso* is possibly unique. Its progress, as regards slowness, is much the same. However, it has reached a point of tolerable comfort, and, being able to accommodate eighty people, it has just bought a second hip-bath. It boasts already of a plunge bath—a cement tank in the floor of an out-house approached through the garden. The comfort of this bath is somewhat diminished by the fact that the cold-water tap leaks and squirts a thin, but powerful, stream of water into the air. The stranger, on entering, naturally endeavours to turn off the tap, with the result that the squirt of water is diverted on to him, and gives him a pleasant shower-bath before he has taken his clothes off.

But one forgets all these trifling imperfections in the delightful climate of Pieve di Cadore, which is as nearly perfect as possible. An Italian sky and a southern sunshine are blended with the pure air of three thousand feet above the sea. It is just the happy medium between baking Belluno to the south, and cloudy Cortina or shivering Schludersbach to the north. In Cortina, with over 3,000 inhabitants, it is impossible to buy a book or a newspaper of any country whatever. The place is so benighted, so literally in the clouds, that even the clocks are permanently wrong. Marvellous to relate they are not slow, but fast—twenty minutes ahead of Vienna. It is possible that Cortina, never seeing a book or a newspaper, has never heard of Central European Time, but how it gets its clocks twenty minutes fast, unless it regulates them by the moon, is more than one can discover. At Pieve di Cadore, in poor, ignorant Italy, with only eight hundred poor, ignorant inhabitants, one can buy a Venetian paper daily, and in

the shop where pins and needles, toys, thread, matches, picture post-cards and other trifles are sold, one can even buy a book. It is not much of a book, but it is more than you could get in Cortina, unless you telegraphed to Vienna for it.

Pieve di Cadore has but one defect, shared with other Italian towns. The inhabitants seem to require no sleep. Before five in the morning they ring the church bells, terrible bells, certainly audible two miles away. This is the morning programme:

4.45 A.M.—Church bells for three minutes.

5.0.—Just as one is settling off to sleep again, clock of Municipio strikes. It is a very loud clock. Second attempt to fall asleep again.

5.2.—Clock of church strikes. Also a loud one.

5.10, or thereabouts.—Animated conversation of inhabitants just under bedroom window. They were talking outside till 11 P.M. Crowing of cocks.

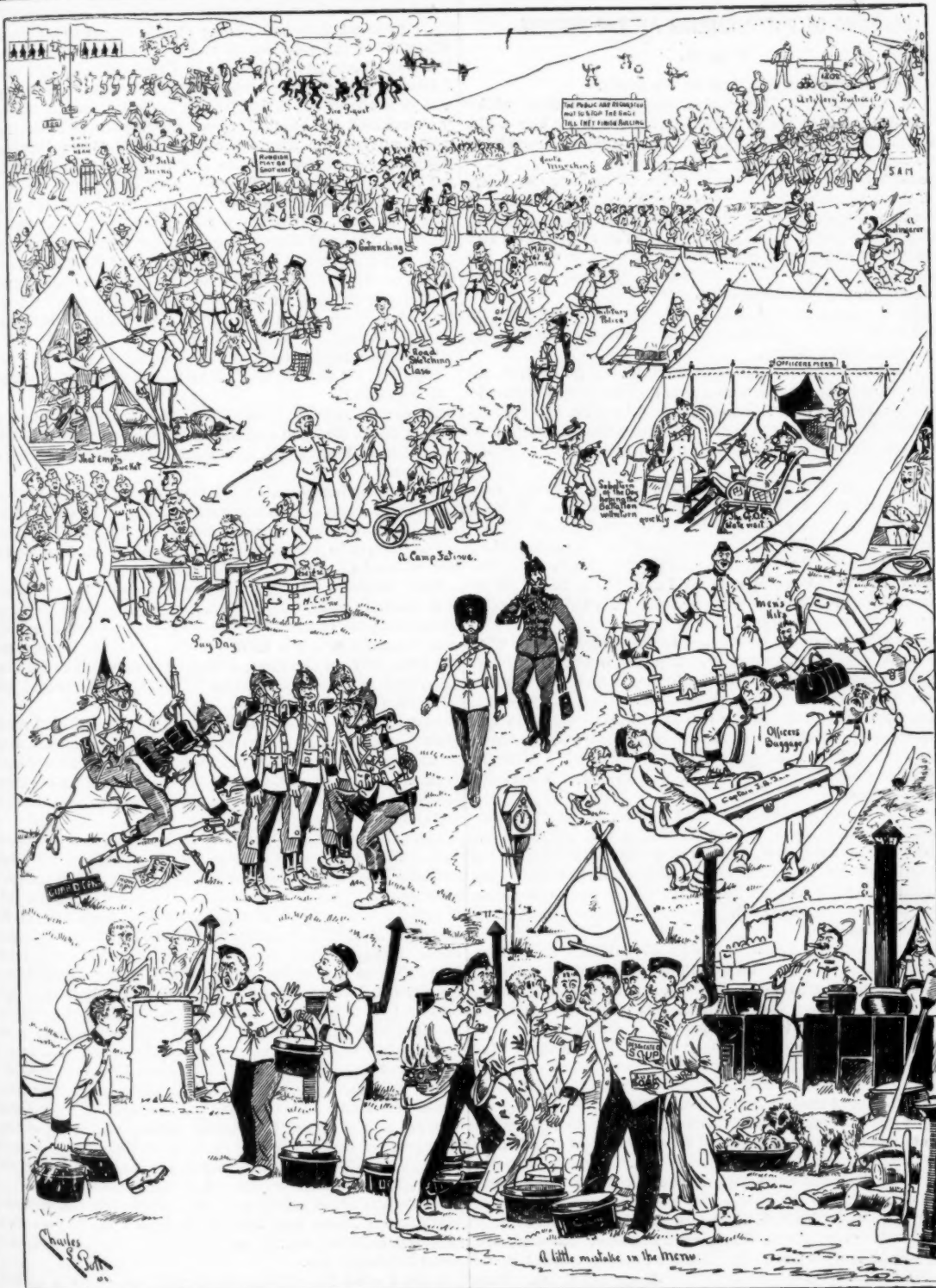
5.30.—Banging of doors in corridor, and departure of first travellers leaving to-day. Much conversation in loud voices. Shouts in various languages—Italian, German, American. Crashes of heavy luggage on floors. Creaking of brakes on wheels of carriages descending hill. Also bells, cocks, dogs, swifts and others.

6.0.—Day's work well begun. Renewed movements of vehicles, of luggage, of travellers. General chorus of cocks, clocks, dogs, swifts, servants and inhabitants generally. Occasional solo by a donkey. Last hope of sleep finally abandoned. Get up.

7.0.—Bells and clocks. After this a profound peace settles down upon the Piazza Tiziano. The few people about seem to converse softly. An occasional vehicle passing is hardly noticeable. The bells are rung no more. Even the clocks appear to strike more gently. But it is too late to go to bed again when one is up and dressed.

After two such awakenings, it became evident that the only way to get some sleep was to go to bed at nine. Unfortunately I came to this conclusion on a Sunday, when the town band, with brass instruments of vast power and a mighty drum, performed a selection of music under my windows till 10.30 p.m., and so completely aroused the already wakeful inhabitants that they remained on the piazza discussing the performance till midnight. On Monday the enterprising proprietor of the Caffè Tiziano, opposite, had engaged two comic singers, who sang with immense energy, accompanied by a harmonium, from nine in the evening until some late hour, which complete exhaustion prevented me from recording. I only know that they had finished when the church bells woke me at a quarter to five on Tuesday morning.

H. D. B.



VOLUNTEER NOTES.

OUT WITH AN ARMY CORPS IN AUGUST.

SORROWS OF PATERFAMILIAS AT THE SEASIDE.

PART II.

FOUR of my offspring joined me on the sands.

WILLY and JOHNNY expressed a desire to paddle; whilst MOLLY and CHARLIE were equally determined to buy pails, spades and nets. I, personally, should have preferred remaining on the beach, but—

The contest ended in tears on one side, triumph on the other, and a forced march upon the toyshop in the High Street. It struck me that, judging by the varied assortment of smells, the High Street was aptly named. Near the toy-shop we met my eldest boy puffing at a cigarette. I frowned warningly, but ALGERNON exclaimed: "Oh, it's all right, Gov'nor; the Mater will never know if you don't tell her."

I sighed, and entered the shop. Amid a clamour of infantile cries, I fitted out the children with nets, boats, cheap bathing dresses, and canvas shoes.

Then we again repaired to the beach. The children all paddled, except ALGERNON, who turned rather green, and said he didn't care for the seaside, and that he thought the journey down had disagreed with him. We returned, at length, to what is euphemistically designated a high tea, sandy, dirty and sticky.

MARION had "put things to rights"—whatever that may mean—we retired to bed early, and awoke to a bright, sunny day. The only drawbacks to the enjoyment of our breakfast were that the eggs were hard, and the bacon uneatable. The tea had apparently been made with tepid water, too. But we had not come to Cockleton to eat but to enjoy the sight of the azure sea. It was not azure; it was of a faded pea-soup colour; but that was a detail.

Shortly after breakfast we started for the beach, laden with camp-stools, milk-buns, sponge cakes, pears, bananas, bathing-dresses, towels, pails and spades, toy boats and fishing-nets, brushes and combs. I carried most of these things—dear MARION is so flattering in the confidence she reposes in me, as evidenced by her desire that I should personally take charge of most, if not all, of our belongings. I walked a little in advance, so that MARION should be able to see if I dropped anything *en route*.

We reached the sands and spread our *impedimenta* on the ground. Selecting my wife's waterproof, I was laying it out preparatory to sitting on it, when a yell from MARION apprised me that the baby was underneath, having been temporarily deposited there by Nurse. How I could be so careless MARION could not understand. I smiled broadly, and MARION said I was a brute.

About 10 a.m. we began to think of bathing, and I was to ascertain how soon we could obtain possession of two bathing machines in close proximity. Bathing-machine man grumpy, 'Ow did 'e know when the machines was goin' to be empty! 'Ow did 'e know when the "parties" was comin' aout! Protopitiated him with sixpence, after which he thought that Twenty-four and Twenty-six would be ready in a 'arf-hour. Returned. For once, MARION quite pleased with me. So astonished, almost choked myself with milk-bun.

The "parties" finally emerged from Twenty-four and Twenty-six, almost at same moment. I and four boys took Twenty-four, whilst Nurse and three younger ones went into Twenty-six. Baby left in charge of our small nursemaid, under supervision of MARION, on sand.

Space extremely limited. I got in first. Water extremely cold. ALGERNON insists on diving from machine. Does so, and hits his head against the sand. MARION screams from shore to ask why I allowed him to do such a dangerous thing. Two youngest boys cling to each other and decline to come into water at all. Stand at foot of steps persuading, and getting very cold.

"C-c-e-come along, boys; it's n-n-n-not at all c-c-c-cold!" My teeth were rattling, and giving the lie direct to my assertion. WILLY at length puts toe in and rushes back. Have to carry him out screaming. Dip him, and thereby earn his undying distrust. Same process with CHARLIE. TOMMY adventurous, and gets out of his depth. Rush in, and drag him out—much the pluckiest, and quickly begins enjoying himself. All the rest follow suit, and, desperately cold, I scrambled back into bathing machine, seized rough towel and began to rub life into my perished frame again. Door suddenly opens, and Nurse—who has mistaken Twenty-four for Twenty-six—rushes in and shuts door after her. Situation too horrible for words. She gives weird shriek, and flies out again. Very trying, but suppose accidents will happen in best reg— Dear MARION hammering at door. Why don't I make ALGERNON and TOMMY come in? Really, she thought I could have no authority at all! Reply that I quite agree with her; don't think I have. Nevertheless, shout to boys:

"Your mother says you are to come in, at once!"

"No fear!" is the graceless and extremely vulgar reply.

What can I do more?

Dress and return to beach, and MARION, in cold tones, asks, "How was it that you and Nurse were in same machine?"

Explain. Regret to find dear MARION unreasoning and sceptical.

Succeed at length in explaining, but noticed, nevertheless, that Nurse received month's warning. PERKSLEY dropped in that evening—unfortunately, table was being laid for supper—and, all our efforts to dislodge him proving abortive, he stopped and shared meal with us.

Dear MARION, in stony silence, rose at nine p.m., bowed, and stalked majestically off, leaving me to entertain our guest until half-past eleven, when, having smoked two of my cigars and consumed nearly a third of whisky bottle, he rose, patted me familiarly on shoulder, asked me to excuse him for running away so early, and promised to "drop in another night, soon." If he does drop in I drop out.

Low tide in morning, and we made for the rocks. I caught a prawn, and a small green crab caught WILLY. His screams were heartrending, until I had succeeded in releasing his finger from the nipping crustacean embrace, which was immediately transferred to me. I smashed crab on rock, taking the skin of my knuckles in doing so.

Resumed operations, and made discoveries—amongst them, that sitting down on green seaweed-covered rocks, whether voluntarily or the reverse—most frequently the latter—is not improving to white flannel trousers. JOHNNY, reaching out too far over a rock, overbalanced and fell in. Wet through. Fearing dear MARION's displeasure, I told him we must go home at once. Indignant protests from children. What ought father of family to do under these embarrassing circumstances? Finally decide on taking JOHNNY home, despite struggles, and entrust rest of children to ALGERNON. ALGERNON hardly rises to situation—says something about "Blooming rot!" Look severe, but ALGERNON only laughs. Wish he wouldn't. So hurtful. Ignore laugh, and start home, leading JOHNNY by hand. He kicks and screams, until I threaten him with condign punishment. At this, he roars still more loudly, and I substitute promise of chalky looking sweetstuff, which we obtain at shop just off beach. We reach home without further trouble. Dear MARION looks reproachfully at me, and asks in despairing tones why it is that I can never be trusted out with the children alone? Was immediately sent back to find the others, whilst MARION and Nurse took JOHNNY in hand. Up to present, feel that my brief sojourn at seaside has hardly afforded me the rest I had hoped for.

When I again found boys, ALGERNON had dropped some way behind rest to smoke cigarette and make eyes at pretty nursemaid. Again ignored his fatuous conduct, but eventually took him by arm and led him on with me. Discover

my other little ones playing with that odious creature's, PERKSLEY'S, youngsters—so embarrassing, as MARION had particularly warned me against permitting this. Wish dear MARION were here. Thought best plan was to adjourn to early dinner. Did so, in spite of vigorous protests, and got children home, exhausted—I mean that I was.

ALGERNON informed us, as we were struggling with our underdone, tepid leg of mutton, and cabbage tasting of soapuds, that there would be a cricket match that afternoon on the sands. He and WILLY were to play.

Welcomed this, as promising quiet hour in which to read and indulge in contemplative pipe. Baby would be asleep—I hoped—and MARION lying down—I trusted. Boys and MOLLY rushed away, after meal, to sands, whilst MARION bustled upstairs to nursery, and I lit pipe and settled down to previous day's newspaper. Began to think that, after all, seaside life very restful, when WILLY rushed in and requested me to come and "make up" the needed eleven for the Visitors—match being Visitors v. Residents. Protested that as I had not played cricket for twenty years the thing was impossible. WILLY inexorable. "You must come; you'll have to! We must have one more feller to make

up—they told me to say that any rotter would do!" Very flattering, this. Have to give in, and repair to sands forthwith.

Visitors win toss and take first innings. Our "captain"—aspiring youth of sixteen—consults ALGERNON as to order of going in. ALGERNON replies airily, "Oh, shove the gov'nor in anywhere. He's hopeless!" Smile pleasantly, but feel both annoyed and nervous. When my turn came for action felt more nervous still.

I hit wildly at first ball, but was unaware that success had crowned my efforts, until a very Babel of shouts warned me to "Run it out, Sir!" and, like one possessed, I capered up and down the "pitch," until my mad career was prematurely cut short by the ball, dexterously hurled at my wicket, missing

it, and hitting me, with great force, on the trouser. Rubbed injured part ruefully, and again "took guard." Once more did I strike with savage force at the unseen: but this time my bat only snicked the flying missile, which went into the hands of "slip," and I was out. Thankful that nothing worse had happened, I retired from wickets, sore and bruised, but still triumphant, as I had hit a four, anyhow. Ironical cheers greeted me on my return, and our captain—the youth before alluded to—patted me patronisingly on back, and said that "for an old buffer, I really wasn't so bad, after all." I may here remark that this young gentleman himself had been bowled first ball.

Fielding somewhat tiresome, and lasted throughout afternoon. I missed three catches, was openly execrated by rest of Visitors' team—consisting, mostly, of small boys—was struck on nose in attempting to field lofty hit; declined to go into sea in pursuit of ball, and, in one way or another,

became distinctly unpopular. Very glad when it was all over, and we returned to our evening meal.

Everything again spoiled in cooking and tasted of soot. Annoying, this.

Was in act of lighting pipe when awful crash from without made me spring to my feet. Dear MARION rushed frantically into room and sank fainting on sofa. TOMMY had fallen through the balcony!

(To be continued.)



Mr. Punch. "MAKE YOUR MIND EASY, SIR CHRISTOPHER, I'LL KEEP AN EYE ON IT."
["WREN never dreamt of the desperate attacks the sandy substratum would have to sustain." *Daily Paper.*]



His Fair Companion (drowsily). "I THINK A CANADIAN IS THE BEST RIVER CRAFT, AFTER ALL, AS IT'S LESS LIKE WORK THAN THE OTHERS!"

CRICKET PROSPECTS FOR 1902.

["First-class cricket, properly organised and run as an attractive variety-show, would be a fine paying concern."—*An American financier to an Interviewer.*]

THE Anglo-American "Willow-and-Leather" Syndicate (President: MR. PIERPOINT MORGAN; capital, ten million dollars) beg to intimate that their season will open at Lord's on the first of April. They have obtained an exclusive lease of this well-known ground, and their list of star artists fairly licks creation.

Turnstiles open at 7 A.M. No free passes. One continuous round of amusement from 9 A.M. to 6 P.M. Program for each day of the opening week:—

9 A.M.—Prince RANJI and Lord HAWKE will take center. These aristocratic willow-wielders will then demonstrate on slow half-volleys, putting on 200 runs in the hour. Positively no disappointment. However often they are bowled or caught, they will continue to whack the sphere until the hour be expired. The Prince and the Peer every morning from nine to ten!

10—11.—Grand exhibition of bowling and fielding by the united Yorkshire troupe. (Specially and exclusively engaged.) RHODES, HAIGH and HURST will

perform the celebrated Hat Trick. There are no spots on the Yorkshire bowlers!

11—11.30.—Comie interlude, entitled "No-Ball; or, The Doubtful Deliverer and the Umbraged Empire." Messrs. MOLD and JAMES PHILIPS have been booked at fabulous cost to give this screamingly-funny performance each day of the opening week.

11.30—12.30.—CHARLES B. FRY will lecture on "The Use and Abuse of the Leg-glance." The glory of C. B. as the champion cricketing word-spinner needs no polish to increase its glitter. Wise words from a brave batsman daily at 11.30! (Schools admitted to this turn at reduced fees.)

12.30—2.0.—The Champion Midgets! Splendid show by Messrs. ABEL and QUAIFF. Skill *versus* size. The little wonders will smack the pilule to the boundary every time. Followed by ABEL's celebrated turn: "How I walk back to the Pavilion." Howls of delighted applause!

From 2 to 3.—The entire troupe will be fed in the Pavilion, and the public will be admitted to view the fascinating scene. But the practice of offering the performers buns and lumps of sugar is very dangerous and cannot be permitted.

At 3 precisely.—Dr. W. G. GRACE will lead the way into the field, and will give

his world-renowned performance, including the Deep-Square-Leg Trick, the Scratching-the-ground-with-a-Bail Trick, etc., etc. At the conclusion of his turn he will be umpired out "l.b.w." to a leg-break, and will then speak a stirring monologue. (Copyright strictly reserved.)

4—5.—The Oxford and Cambridge elevens will play tip-and-run. The scene on the ground will be a careful reproduction of the famous 'Varsity match. Beauty and brightness will be seated on real drags; Peers (warranted hall-marked), Cabinet Ministers and Judges will watch the proceedings from the pavilion. Real triple-distilled essence of British Aristocracy will pervade this turn. Huge attraction for visitors from the States.

5—6.—America *versus* England. Magnificent International Match. America will be represented by (among others) FRY, HAYWARD, JESSOP, PALAIRET, HEARNE, etc. (all of whom conclusively can show American descent. Their pedigrees have been made specially for the Syndicate, and are unquestionably genuine.) England will number among its foremost champions Messrs. TIMSON, SNOOKS, STUBBS, etc., of the Lower Pottlebury Cricket Club. America will win! The Supremacy of the Eagle over the Decrepit Lion will be established daily! Unique scene!

The whole of the troupe will join in singing "The Star-Spangled Banner" (solo verses by S. M. J. WOODS, G. J. V. WEIGALL and S. M. CROSFIELD), at the conclusion of which stumps will be drawn for the day. A. C. D.

A MATTER FOR RE-DRESS.

SAID the Person in gorgeous apparel, "Be good enough to serve me with a glass of sherry and a sandwich."

"Very sorry," replied the waiter, "but it's against the rules of the house."

"What do you mean, sirrah?" exclaimed the Person.

"From your dress," continued the waiter, "I take you to be a drum-major of artillery, and we cannot serve N.C.O.'s except when they appear in mufti."

"A drum-major of artillery!" indignantly echoed the wearer of much embroidery. "Why, I am a Cabinet Minister!"

"Very sorry indeed, Sir," returned the waiter more respectfully, "but I'm much afraid I can't serve you. You see our orders are strict, not to serve anyone out of mufti. No discourtesy intended to you personally, Sir, I am sure, Sir, but—"

"Merely an insult to His Majesty's uniform?"

"Well, Sir, that *does* seem about the size of it."

And the man made the admission because he was only a waiter and not a proprietor.